

Pattern for YOUTH:

In Three P A R T S.

1. The Father's Care of his Son, finding him Born under the Unlucky Planet, and how, unknown to him, by the fond Mother, who supported him with Gold, was brought in great Danger of Hanging, which broke his Father's Heart.

2. Being cleared, as he sat Reading, the Devil appeared to him, and tempted him to Burn the Holy Bible: And how by Prayers he vanquish'd his Enemy: Concluding with his Advice to all Young People.

3. The *West Country* Miracle: Being an Account of one *Sarah Clark*, who lay six Days and Nights in a Heap of Snow, in which time she had no Succour, and yet, through Mercy, is now alive.

By *Edward Gory.*

Licensed according to Order.

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Pattern for YOUTH, &c

The First Part. Of one of, Aim not too high.

GOOD People all, of high and low degree,
Draw near a while and listen unto me;
And, with permission, unto you I'll show,
What some Parents for Children undergo.
'Tis of a worthy Gentleman I write, to dwell
Near London, and his Name was Daniel Right;
Unto this Man a Son and Heir was born,
At which Babe's birth the Father then did mourn.
He calculated his Nativity,
And by the ruling of a Star did see,
Without great Mercy from the Lord on high,
His Son, with shame, must on a Gallows dye.
This from the knowledge of the Son was kept,
At which hard Lot the Father often wept;
And to prevent his wandering astray,
Did keep him short of Money Night and Day,
Saying, *My Son, I have great love for thee,
I may er nor my Money, but I see,
That is a thing which doth encourage Youth
To cherish Vice, and slight the blessed Truth.*
This was the dear indulgent Father's Care,
To keep his Darling out of Satan's Snare;
But he, good Man, was cheated, for, behold,
Unknown to him, long time with shining Gold,

The old fond Mother did support her Son,
Through which a private sinful Race he run:
At length like Flames, his way did open break,
Which made his aged Father's Heart to ache.
As he sat drinking in a Tavern, there,
A Company of Thieves surprized were;
And tho' he had no knowledge of them then,
He to a Jail was forced with those Men.
And when confin'd close in a Prison strong,
Surrounded there with Grief, he sung this Song:
[My dear Father of this News should hear,
I will startle him, and break his Heart, I fear.
Could my dear aged Father had his Mind,
In this Jail had ever been confin'd;
Unknown to him long time I've spent his Gold,
Out of my Sorrows now I must be told,
Or if I to my Pot-companions send,
There is not one of them will stand my Friend;
And if I to those Tavern-keepers write,
Where I've spent score of Pounds, they will me slight.
My old fond Mother she has been my Ruin,
Behind my Father's Back she will be doing;
Giving me Gold before I understood,
How to distinguish what was bad or good.
Into my Father now I'll send away,
To hear what he to this News will say:
Accordingly he to his Father sent,
At which sad News the Father did lament.
He had no time for to express his Mind,
For he was haunted so with this we find,
In two days time he did resign his Breath,
And now lies in the frozen Arms of Death

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When his old Mother see her Husband dead,
She stamp'd, and tore the Hair from off her Head
Crying, *Alas Husband's dead; What have I done?*
I've broke his Heart, and ruin'd my dear Son!

Let all Mothers by me a warning take,
Not of their dear Children such Fools to make:
To please my Son, with Gold I did him feed,
Which did in him the Sin of Ruin breed.

When 'Siz came, he then was Try'd and Cast,
Amongst those Criminals to dye, at last;
Which Thieves protested that they knew him not
And that he was no Sharer in their Plot.

To hear this News, the Mother presently,
She then began to let her Guineas flye:
Which golden Key soon lock'd up all the strife,
And got a Pardon for her Darling's life.

And when releas'd, he thank'd the God above,
Who had been pleas'd, of his tender love,
To set him free; saying, *I'll him adore,*
And ne'r will run a sinful Life no more.

Behold, this Young-man he hath promis'd fair,
Of wicked Company for to beware;
But in the Second Part now hear you shall:
He must stand bym, that ne'r designs to fall.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

ONe day as he sat Reading all alone,
Satan, that old deluding subtle One,
Then in the likeness of a mortal Man,
Appear'd before his Face, and there did stand,
Saying, *Young-man, what do'st intend to do?*
This sort of pious Life will ruin you.

That Fool art thou thus to be melancholy?
 Cheer up thy blooming Heart, and now be Jolly.

A pious Book will always keep thee sad,
 By reading it there's many have run mad:
 Take my Advice, and throw it quite away,
 And listen to the Words which I shall say.

Take thou a Book that's fill'd with pleasant Jest,
 That sort of Reading will become thee best;
 To read God's Word, it will thy Patience tire,
 Take thou the Book, and burn it in the Fire.

To hear this bad Advice, the Young man said,
 Too long already thee I have obey'd:

Full an'ny Tears I have run on in Sin,
 Now to serve God 'tis time for to begin.

Satan reply'd, I know thou art but young,
 As great a Fool as ever spoke with Tongue.
 What makes thee talk of thy Repenting now?
 Forty Tears hence is time enough for thou.

The Young-man said, Thy Counsel I despise,
 There's no Soul knows the Day that he shall dye:
 The Young as well as Old, day after day,
 By sudden Death, alas! is snatch'd away.

Man's Life's uncertain, as I plainly see,
 And therefore I upon the Watch will be:
 Thy Aim it is to bring my Soul to Hell;
 But I'll serve God, and then all will be well.

When Satan saw this Young-man would not turn,
 With Fury he then began to burn,
 And in a frightful Shape did then appear,
 Which made the Young-man's Soul to quake for fear.

This hellish Monster did with Madness roar,
 And with his Paws the Pavement up he tore;

Which

Which brought this Young man on his Knees to pray
And seeing that this Monster fled away.

When disappear'd, the Young man then arose
All in a Sweat; trembling away he goes,
And told his aged Mother of this thing,
Which from her Eyes great floods of tears did bring.

She said, My Son, bless thou the Lord alway,
Who hath been pleas'd to stand thy Friend this Day.
He said, 'Twas God that stood my Friend, and I
Will honour you, and serve Him till I dye.

The only way to make this Monster yield,
That thing call'd Prayer is the only Shield;
And with that conquering Sword my self I'll arm,
And be secure always from future harm.

And for my sake, y^e young People mind the Truth;
Give unto God the flower of your Youth;
You'll find his Service easie for to be,
But Satan's Work is hellish Slavery.

The Third Part. Tune, My bleeding Heart.

ALl you that now are Standers-by,
Be pleas'd to stay a while, and I,
With God's Permission, will relate,
A Wonder true, and very great;
Last January, I heard say,
Upon the one and twentieth Day,
A poor Woman that us'd to Spin,
She went two Miles to fetch Work in.
And going home again with speed,
Not dreaming what was then decreed,
Fate did this Woman overtake,
Which made her panting Heart to ake.

The North wind very strong did blow,
Driving this Woman too and fro;
And in a heap of Snow and Frost;
When almost Night, she chere was lost.
Down in a doleful Valley low,
There in a mighty drift of Snow,
This Woman, as it plain appears,
Was cover'd over Head and Ears.
From Monday in the Evening tide,
She by no Mortal was espy'd;
While the next Sunday almost Night;
When found, a sad and dismal sight.
When this poor Object first was found,
Great heaps of Snow did her surround,
On e'ry side, and o'ver Head;
And yet through Mercy is not dead.
The place that ill ed forth her Grief,
Was a Hole open to the Skies;
Which Vent was caused by her Breath,
And so she was preserv'd from Death.
When digg'd out of this Dungeon cold,
Wonder there was to behold;
A Woman seiz'd with Hunger, and
So weak, not able go nor stand.
With tumbling there upon the Ground,
Her Cloaths was rent in pieces down;
And for to feed her Hunger great,
At length began her self to eat.
Her case was bad, the Lord he knows;
With piercing Cold one of her Toes
Rotted off: Lord keep us all,
That we in no such Pit may fall.

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With speed then home she was convey'd,
And in a warm Bed soon was laid:
Some ask'd how she was succour'd there?

When Senses came she did declare.

Saying, Opprest with Grief, I slept,
And in a snowy Dungeon slept;
And in a Dream, methought, I see
An old Woman, that came to me;

Saying, Poor Heart, be of good Cheer,
I have a Toast and Cyder here,
Which I have brought to cherish you,
Take it, and make no more ado.

Methought with Joy I took this Cup,
And drank the pleasant Liqueur up;
And having eat the Toast, at length,
Methought I then recover'd Strength.

Six Days and Nights, my God doth know,
I was confin'd in Frost and Snow;
And for all that my Life I have,
Blest be his Name who did it save.

Hunger was my Companion, he
Forc'd me to know my Flesh, you see;
Bless'd be that God that gives me Breath,
And freed me from the Jaws of Death.

Now to conclude, with one accord,
Let's all agree to serve the Lord;
Who can preserve a Sinner's Soul
In time of Hunger, Frost and Snow.

10 JUL 52

F I N I S

